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J. L. Hervey

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Judge

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HOW JUSTICE SLIPS UP.

The same old Banana Peel!

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NEW ORLEANS

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IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING that the child born in Utica with two tongues is a girl.

ETERNITY IS AN INVENTION of the law to give ample time for the selection of a jury to try a rich man.

WE BETHINK US that it is the subway commission rather than the wires that is being run into the ground.

LET BOULANGER GET a tame eagle and the French people will spring to revolution if it doesn't lift a feather.

A CONTEMPORARY SAYS nine lives of Beecher have been set adrift. Brother Beecher could hardly have had more if he had been a cat.

A CONTEMPORARY says that T. C. Platt can take the hat, but we have our suspicions that the little man wants the entire wardrobe.

THERE MUST REALLY be a great Fourth-of-July celebration here; and this is the more advisable because it is so easy to get out of town.

IT IS ASCERTAINED that a snail's pace amounts to a mile in fourteen days. This is on the supposition, we suppose, that the snail makes the mile backward.

SOME DAY THE NEW military idol of the French will make his mark, and if he has sufficient strength after the experiment he will write it Bismarck.

HENRY GEORGE AND THE FENIANS thought to capture William O'Brien; but William doesn't believe in the coercion of strategy any more than in that of force.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S WAVING of the ensanguined garment seems like a reproduction of ancient history, but it is merely a new exhibition of the flaunting truth.

THE BEST WAY TO GET horse-stables that are fire-proof and won't engender epidemic is to apply the cable system to the surface cars and sell the animals for agricultural purposes.

THE BEN BUTLER CLUB in Boston would seem to indicate that the Hon. Mr. Cockeye is going out of politics, as heretofore, with a vengeance and much blood in his facial strabismus.

JOHN HAY refuses to deny that he is the author of "The Breadwinners," and certainly he has the privilege of all witnesses of refraining from evidence calculated to criminate himself.

GEORGE W. CHILDS NEVER eats anything at the dinners he gives, and they say he has a complexion like a fresh apple. Let this be a warning. Who wants a complexion like a fresh apple?

GEORGE JONES REALLY must be mistaken in his proposition that Charles A. Dana is a devil; though it must be admitted that to be editor of the New York *Sun* is cause for the gravest suspicion.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in twenty-four years Rhode Island has a Democratic governor; but we must remember that men frequently live seventy years without getting either itch or cholera-morbus.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE has illustrated an article recently published by her husband. This is not necessarily an evidence of reconciliation; but it is at least a recognition of the fact that the dear girl is wedded—to her art.

WHY THE CLUB?

There is a Butler club in Boston—a brand-new one; and yet they said that Benjamin was dead and the Patricks Sullivan and Kelly had usurped the vacancy. However, the old man says he doesn't propose to run for anything this time—all he wants is the privilege of preparing to meet his God.

IT IS A BLESSED THOUGHT, in view of the absence of one of our bridge-jumpers in England, that there are no corduroy roads between the mother country and ours and there is no jumper that can conquer the Atlantic ocean.

THREE WOMEN ON TRIAL at one and the same time in this state for murder would seem to indicate a great deal of progress, and no wonder the Troy *Budget* cries out with great apparent satisfaction, "Women to the front!"

HOW SHALL WE ACCOUNT FOR IT?

Captain Aleck Williams when he joined the finest, some fifteen years ago, destroyed the heads of several individuals and was almost nationally known as the king of clubs. To-day he is charged with nourishment of gambling, beer and unfortunate women, and on parade from the Battery to Kingsbridge he is more cheered than all the rest of the finest put together. There is a lesson here, my son. On the whole, however, you hadn't better peruse it very attentively.

IN A RECENT INTERVIEW a prominent statesman said he preserved his health by carrying a couple of overcoats and a pair of rubbers. We know of a man who reaches the same result by sawing wood, but is he happy?

HOW ODD IT IS that the repairs to the governor's mansion didn't consume twenty years of time and as many millions of dollars. It really looks as if the authorities were going to make themselves sick by excessive virtue.

A MEAN PIECE OF BUSINESS.

The George people and the dynamiters tried to force their principles on Mr. O'Brien under the guise of courtesy. This was bad manners, and besides it must have had for its purpose the weakening of O'Brien's cause. No kind of English opposition to fair play is any meaner than this, and had it succeeded it would have given the English government precisely the kind of political material it most wants. Mr. O'Brien has reason to cry out lustily to be saved from a great many who assume to be his friends.

MR. TENNYSON'S JUBILEE ODE was omitted from the jubilee exercises not because it was bad, but perhaps because it had no reference to the late Mr. Brown, whose soul, like that of our John of Harper's Ferry, is apparently still marching on.

IT IS SO STRANGE that David B. Hill doesn't check his admirers in their ardent desire to run him for president; though, to be sure, the material they are using can be put in some moth-destroying chemicals and kept for the campaign of 1892.

CLEARLY A MISTAKE.

A western contemporary says the Clevelands are out fishing clad in corduroy. We are willing to admit that the first lady is clothed to some extent in tar oil, the same being necessary to keep off

HE DID NOT RECOGNIZE THEM.

FOGG—"Fine-looking girls those Turnbulls are."
BOGG—"Yes. Met 'em on the street to-day, and actually didn't know 'em."
FOGG—"That's funny; you've met 'em at every ball this year."
BOGG—"Yes, but I'd never seen 'em dressed before."

the mosquito and black fly; but if she ever went about with anything of the corduroy kind on her fascinating suppleness it must have been when Grover was fast asleep and had no use for his half of that material.

A MICHIGAN MAN offers five dollars to the mother who will name a babe after him. If the babe has its way in the premises it will give twice that amount to be named after somebody else. Five dollars in these cases is a very contemptible sum.

A LETTER-WRITER REPRESENTS Mr. Buffalo Bill as saying in a communication. "I've got 'em solid from the old queen down." That isn't exactly the gentleness of courtesy or culture; but on the other hand if William were to ape the manners of his English admirers they would immediately begin to have contempt for him—and really with some sort of justice.

A WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

JONES (*making his maiden effort as a canoeist*)—"Would you like to come along, Miss Dash? There is plenty of room for two, y' know."
MISS DASH—"Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Jones. It is a little early in the season for bathing, and I'm afraid the water is too cold."

THE OLD AND THE NEW MASTERS.

Mr. Joseph W. Drexel gives out a quiet hint that the new executive mansion at Albany ought to have some decent works of art, and Governor Hill accepts it in a quiet little note that ought to take immediate effect on capitalists and artists alike. The walls of the old mansion were given up principally to old masters—that is to say, to pictures that were remarkable principally because they had the honor of age and the mastery of excessive economy. It was their principal design to cover the wall and prevent expenditure, and they accomplished it fairly well. But some of the new masters, as Mr. Drexel has demonstrated, have the right of life and exhibition half as much as they. It is a good hint, and the wealth of the state has the right to feel proud of its new property and to see to it that it is embellished commensurately with its great importance.

SOME SURREPTITIOUS DIPLOMACY.

They say George William Curtis wants to have John Sherman nominated in order to get Blaine out of the way and give the mugwumps a chance to get back into the Republican party. Very well; let him pitch in for Blaine and against Sherman as hard as he can, and let Mr. Sherman disavow all association with him and his friends from this time until the nominating convention is held. Then let there be an avenue erected leading into the back door of the party, and offering facilities for kicking out as well as letting in. There must be diplomacy here.

THE LATE WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

A modest, conscientious, able man who lived through the later years of his life mostly to regret that he hadn't been called higher at some previous period. A man who never won misfortune; given to large affection, exceeding sensitiveness, uprightness of conduct, and the retiracy that fishermen love. He ought not to have been in public life, but he acquitted himself well in whatever position he was placed. He was a good, square, honest man; and in the green fields and forests and by the tumbling waters of the celestial regions may he cast his fly and make his catch to his entire satisfaction forevermore.

CIVILIZATION.

"I am not alarmed," calmly said a briber who had been arrested. "It is true that time once past never returns, but there is a sufficiency of the article ahead to warrant me a comfortable existence and all the eternity I want."

"But they are getting a jury to try you."

"Very well. I am out on bail, and the people pay the expenses of the judicial exercises."

"But you may be convicted."

"Good, innocent soul! There are but sixty millions of people in this whole country, and only a fifth of them are eligible as jurors. They can't get a jury out of that fifth if they move me into and out of every state and every bailiwick."

"But there must be an end to these preliminaries."

"Certainly, my boy; but I have put up a little job on Gabriel; not to mention a financial transaction with the outer guardian of the heavenly mansions."

AN INDUCEMENT FOR CHARITY.

TRAMP—"Say, boss, won't you help a poor veteran of the war, an old one-armed soldier?"
SOUTHERNER—"What! Help a man who fit agin us!"
TRAMP—"I didn't fit, boss. I run."

AT SARANAC LAKE.

It is claimed that the catch is large, and it must be remembered that Dan's fish count for the administration.

"What have you caught, dear?" "I do not know exactly, my child; but it feels like a mosquito with the tail of a wasp and that of a hornet combined, and I guess it weighs about 500 pounds."

HUM OF THE COURT.

There is a man who talks incessantly about reducing the surplus, and as he weighs about 300 pounds we can't blame him.

The negroes of Louisiana believe that to kill a dove is a sign of death. It certainly is—to the dove.

It is alleged that a goose lives fifty years; but that, we suppose, is merely evidence that the family prefer ducks.

Brother Keely has now finished his motor, and perhaps that accounts for the recent cyclone in Alabama.

This is a queer world. Did you ever know a man five feet high who didn't feel like a giant or one six feet high who didn't count himself a dwarf?

Lillian Russell may be pardoned for wearing paste diamonds, but her experiment with that article of husband can never be overlooked.

"You must grin and bear it," said the surgeon to his subject. "We'll compromise the matter," said the subject. "I'll bear it, but I vow I won't grin."

Frank Frayne has a show lion that advertises him by killing horses all through the summer vacation; but it is feared that the supply of horses will run out.

Here the lady who hasn't met the prince of Wales is not good society. Over there the inquiry is, "Have you met the Hon. Mr. Cody?" And revenge is sweet.

Of our 60,000,000 people 19,000,000 are church-members. That is a pretty good percentage, especially as the Democratic party must and shall be preserved.

The Chicago *Mail* speaks of Minister Phelps as the great American toad. Now that is not fair. Mr. Phelps may have ambition, but he never assumed to be a toad.

A contemporary tries to show that Lydia Pinkham is good enough to be presented to the queen of Engiand. We think not. As Lydia has been an angel some years she doesn't move in her majesty's set.

JUST THE THING.

DEACON HENCOOP—"By thunder! Don't them th re wigs look nat'ral like? I'll jest step inside and get one for Cynthia. She's jest about as bald as they make 'em."

It seems strange that Bulwer whipped his wife. One would think from the temper the lady exhibits in her published writings that of the two it was she that had the whip hand.

The late Mr. Disque, who was hanged, said at the last moment, "If everybody else is satisfied I am;" and as he was the man most interested there hasn't been a dissenting voice up to this writing.

An Ohio paper speaks of Detroit as a sleepy city on the Canadian frontier. That is infernally mean. Detroit is not so sleepy that she doesn't make a great deal of noise, especially when she snores.

Rider Haggard, according to a recent statement, will not be 31 until the 23d of this month. Rider has apparently been so busy writing novels that he has had to postpone his birthdays a little, but he will get there just the same.

After all, we must not hang women. They have the privilege of eccentricity, and death at their hands is a compliment to be responded to with thanks. The man whose corns were stepped on by a large woman put the whole philosophy in a few well connected words. "All right!" he said. "If anybody else had crushed me I would have killed him; but the injury, coming from you, was quite enjoyable."

The Dansville *Breeze* is puzzled to know how the skin of a shad can be stretched so tight without having some of its bones come through. That isn't a mystery, my son—that's a miracle.

Civilization has not progressed so much that a dog fight fails to draw all the men in the neighborhood to it; but we have the consolation of knowing that all the women turn pale and go the other way.

When the president says to Dan "That one doesn't count," it may be supposed that he refers to his collection of trout; but Mrs. Cleveland, looking him out of his inflamed countenance, says she knows better.

AT NIAGARA.

HACKMAN—"Carr'g sir?"
VISITOR—"What do you charge for it?"
HACKMAN—"Ten dollars an hour."
VISITOR—"What'll you sell it for?"
HACKMAN—"Hund'd 'n twenty-five dollars."
VISITOR'S WIFE—"If you can induce him, Erastus, to throw the horse, harness, whip, and himself in, you'd better be economical and buy it."

Natural gas, according to an exchange, is a thing to be handled with discretion. We have often thought of that. Indeed we never meet Thomas Ochiltree without turning around and going the other way.

One Cincinnati man ate twenty-five buckwheat cakes in that number of minutes, and another ate a pint of ice cream in thirteen seconds. Cincinnati has had an ambition to be known as the great centre of pork and music; but if these experiments proceed it will be known, in spite of itself, merely as the city of superior stomachic endurance.

ACTRESS—"Any letter here for me from the crowned heads of Europe?"
TICKET-SELLER—"No, but there are forty thousand for you from the bald-heads of America."

WARNING.

O, Diana Ethelinda was a maiden undesigning,
And her manner all attractive drew a host of suitors toward her;
Yet for something that I knew not she seemed ever to be pining,
Notwithstanding that these gallant men, a score or more, adored her.

So in solitude alone she seemed to have her heart's desire,
And a blessing came upon her with a plentitude unstinted;
But alas! though dreams poetic set ambition all afire,
She destroyed her reputation with the verses that she printed.

Thus she breathed an ode to sunset in o'er-fanciful iambics
To the golden day-orb's glory, whose vast light she so admired;
And a song up-gushing from her heart in wildest dithyrambics,
She laid down her pen contented, heaved a sigh, and then—expired.

NATHAN M. LEVY.

TRULY LIBERAL.

The French courts have decided that husbands have a legal right to investigate their wives' correspondence.

"I won't open your letters, Fifine," said Guibollard to his wife after hearing the news.

"I should hope not, my dear."

"But you must have nothing but postal cards sent you. I have at least the right to insist on that."

WHAT HE LIKED.

Wife—"John, you don't like high bonnets on me, do you?"

Husband—"No."

Wife—"How high?"

Husband—"Not to exceed four dollars."

UNCLE SILAS—"Well, I swan. I wonder what's the next thing on th' programme."

NOT SO GOOD, AFTER ALL.

Bilkins—"Bickley is very angry with you. He says you have been making remarks about him that have injured his good name."

Bagley—"Indeed?"

Bilkins—"Yes; he prizes his good name very highly."

Bagley—"He does? Well, I don't. I have it on three notes and have learned not to prize it at all."

MEN ARE SO SELFISH!

"Why so silent, George?" she asked.

"I just saw a shooting star and didn't want to speak until I wished something," he said.

"You're just as mean as you can be! Why did you not tell me and then we could both have wished together."

A NEW INDUSTRY.

Jones—"Say! who is that magnificent girl with the diamonds you just bowed to?"

Brown—"A cigarette-maker."

Jones—"What, the cashier?"

Brown—"No; she rides the bicycle and pitches in the base-ball club for their photos."

HE WAS THERE.

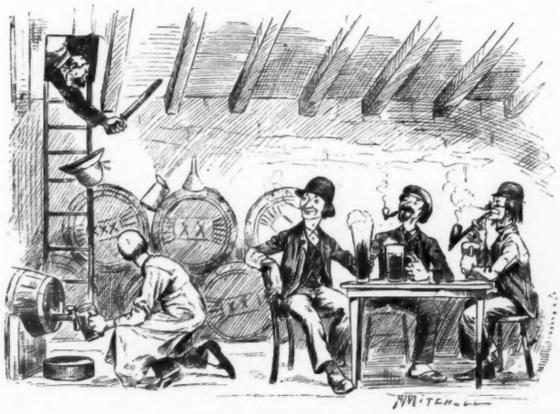
Amateur (*fishing for a compliment*)—"Out last night, Mr. Squash?"

Squash—"Yes; best home-brew performance I ever witnessed. Knew *Hamlet* would draw a bang-up good house. Were you there?"

Amateur (*scornfully*)—"Was I there? Good heavens, man! didn't I play the *Prince?*"

UNFIT FOR SUNDAY DUTY—1.

POLICE AT CELLAR-DOOR—"Coom, now! shut this saloon up or we'll coom doown theer and pull the hull lot av yez in."



UNFIT FOR SUNDAY DUTY—2.

VOICE FROM BELOW (*tauntingly*)—"You vos cordially inwited to cum town off you can und dry, ain'd it?"

WHAT BOTHERED HIM.

First editor—"Don't mind what the whipper-snapper Coyle says. He won't injure a hair on your head."

Second editor—"It isn't my hair I'm afraid of; it's my life."

HIS WEEKLY MOVE.

"Do you live in New York?" asked Merritt.

"Yes," replied Rednose, with a wicked wink of his left eye, "except on Sunday, when I reside in New Jersey."

CONSIDERATE.

"Have you seen Brown lately?"

"Not for an age. In fact, I've stopped going near him since he lost his place."

"Formerly, however, you were everlastingly dining with him or hanging around his office."

"That's just it. I don't want to make the poor fellow miserable. If he should see me around why, you know, it would constantly remind him of the time when he was better off."

BOTH TIRED.

Wife (3 *a. m.*)—"It is very unkind of you, John, to disturb me at this unseemly hour when you know that I have been making calls all day and must be very tired."

Husband (*just in*)—"Well, I've (hic) been makin' "calls" all night, an' I'm (hic) tired, too."

The fust choice of er man fur any offis is allus hisself.

E always was reserved, collected, cool;

He asked no questions, made but few replies;

So some considered him a perfect fool,

And some as preternaturally wise.

She sits in such a pose of grace,

So calm and statue-like her face,

So polished, smooth and white her skin;

Would she my project enter in,

From life I'd give her her release

And set her on my mantel-piece.

G. B.

JUDGE'S FABLES.

THE TWO DOGS.

Two Dogs once met on a street-corner. One was a very Sad Dog about Town, and the other was a Dog of Exemplary Life.

"What a bore existence must be to you!" said the Sad Dog; "you are always poking along in such a humdrum way. Come and have something with me."

"No," replied the other; "I touch not the Intoxicating Bowl."

"As we're not in Texas," responded the Sad Dog, "I will this time kindly refrain from shooting you for declining a Drink. But in future do not presume on my good nature."

That night the Exemplary Dog, looking out of his window after finishing the frugal repast which he had picked out of an Ash-Barrel, beheld the Sad Dog with a Tin Can tied to his tail flying down the street pursued by a gang of hoodlums.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," he murmured. "So perish all the enemies of virtue."

Then he slept the sleep of the just under the kind stars.

But the next day, as he was prowling in a Barrel for something to eat, he saw the Sad Dog in resplendent raiment emerge from a fashionable restaurant.

"I have a Pull with the Police," explained the Sad Dog. "I had the gang arrested, and their parents were glad to compromise for a nice sum. Hence this prosperity."

Virtue is too often its only reward.

A FEW MORE PRINTED HOTEL "REGULATIONS."

Eat your plates clean.

If the coffee is cold "don't mention it."

Horses must not be curried in the parlors.

Do not slap at flies with the table napkins.

The piano is only for proficient performers.

No smoking allowed less than a mile from the house.

In case of fire call the proprietor before giving any alarm. Next call the clerk; he will be found in annex A, room 107. Next ascertain for yourself where the fire is. Then return to your room and pack up.

Fruit must be carried to the rooms only in the guest's stomach.

Do not hack or mutilate the parlor furniture with axes or hatchets.

Guests must retire before twelve o'clock. No talking above a whisper allowed after that hour.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

JACK—"Ah, Miss Kate, it's the little things that tell."
MISS KATE—"Yes; little brothers and sisters."

OBSTRUCTIONS.

DOBBINS (*walking in the street*)—"Talk about the dry-goods men obstructing the sidewalk! It's their customers that do it."

NOT QUITE PERFECT.

E was a quiet boy—indeed
He was a model, and of course he
To every word he heard gave heed
And ne'er to any one was saucy.

Where'er he went he kept quite mum,
And ne'er a taunt could make him bristle;
Although this boy was deaf and dumb,
Alas, the fiend knew how to whistle!

KRYS.

WHICH GAVE IT TO THE OTHER?

"Sad case that of Rogers."
"What's the matter with him?"
"A dog bit him and both died of hydrophobia."
"How did they ascertain it was hydrophobia?"
"They had a post-mortem on the dog."

THE LAW OF HEREDITY.

"Didn't Mr. Verdigris talk beautifully in the bible class this morning? It was just like a sermon."

"Yes, it was fine; but such things run in the family, you know."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"He inherits it, you see. He married Dr. Sereena's daughter, and the old gentleman is the best preacher in the city."

THE INFALLIBLE TEST.

Mrs. DeToole—"How do you like my daughter's singing—do you not think she has improved since you last heard her?"

Mr. Doney (*who has not heard Miss DeToole for two years*)—"Oh, yes; I think there is a wonderful improvement. You can hear her just twice as far as you could two years ago."

A QUESTION OF TEMPERATURE.

"What is the chief peculiarity of the Canadian climate?" asked a school examiner.

"It is beneficial to bank cashiers," said the bright boy of the class, "but very deadly to reformers."

De sweetes' cidah makes de sou'est vinegah.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

BY MOONSHINE.

HE stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill;
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

PENN.

THE STRAW FIEND.

The train had stopped at Schenectady and some had arisen to stretch their legs when a drummer rushed in from the smoker, held up one finger, and said:

"Straw fiend coming through to take your preference for president; St. John, all hands, see?" and he went back into the next car.

The straw fiend came in with a book and pencil. Evidently he had bought his straw hat too late, for there were freckles on his face as large as Mexican half dollars, and they matched the color of his hair and eyebrows. His *os frontis* was a toboggan slide down which two rival drops of perspiration rolled toward the desert waste of a red, sunburned nose. Said he to the man with an umbrella between his knees who was staring out at the shimmering heat:

"We are taking a straw. Have you any preference for next president?"

"St. John," said the granger without looking around. The little man with bundles, under the mirror, nodded and said, "The same here."

The straw fiend made two marks and turned hastily to the next seat. The answer startled him; but he went on down the aisle, and as he reached the end of the car he turned and looked back at the passengers. He was pale and his hand shook as he tallied the list. With a lingering touch he opened the door and passed back into the next car. At Palatine while the engine took water he got off and stopped the conductor as he came toward the train.

"Say, Cap., is there any blamed prohibition convention or high-license jamboree up the road at Syracuse or Rochester?"

"Not that I know of; why?" said the urbane conductor.

"No matter," said the fiend, as he mopped his freckles and climbed back into the car. At Utica when the train stopped for dinner a loud voice was heard in the depot and the passengers heard the fiend remark loudly:

"No use talking, gentlemen; the jig is up. Prohibition is going to knock the red sunset right out of the old parties. Reform is a marching on worse than John Brown's body, and I am the clothespin that ain't afraid to bet on it."

A gentle snicker was heard to run through the crowd, and he stopped and looked dazed as the drummer went through the gate remarking, "I live here. I worked him for a tenner. It is a big thing, and don't give it away."

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

DECEPTIVE.

NEAR-SIGHTED OLD LADY—"See that horrid old man looking at us through the hole in his paper."

SUMMER SKITS.

The girl without a lover pretends to have no liking for ice-cream.

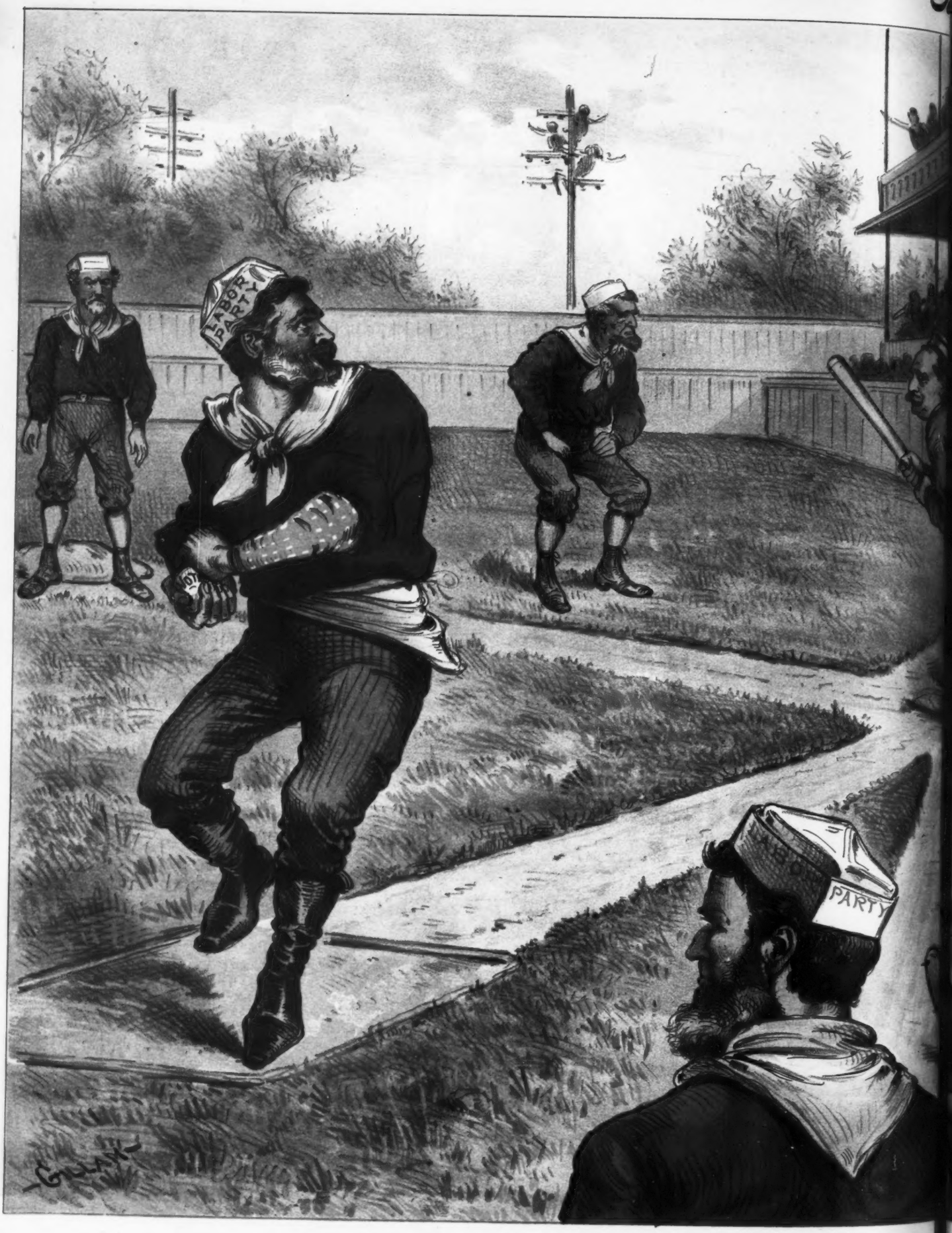
Since mind-reading and hand-reading have died out the craze for novel-reading seems about to have set in.

During the winter the society woman goes nearly naked; when the weather gets hot she covers herself up.

Many a young man with his two weeks' wages in his pocket goes down to see the races and spends the remainder of his vacation at home.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AT PEEKSKILL.

COMMANDING OFFICER—"What are you doing out of the ranks, sir?"
RECRUIT—"You s-said 'Front,' didn't yer?"
COMMANDING OFFICER—"Yes, I did!"
RECRUIT—"Well, sir, I work in a hotel when I'm in the city, an' it kinder startled me."



A NEW NI

SAM RANDALL to DAVE HILL.—"Dave, we can't tackle that pitcher's curves, winning th

EW NI IN THE FIELD.

er's curves, do not succeed in engaging him for next year, we shall have no earthly show of winning th tial Pennant."

YO' MUS' PEEL YO' EYE.

O, yo' got toe keep mum ef yo' gwine
toe cotch fish,
Lissen toe de tree-toad a-singin' in
de dahk,
O, yo' can't run fas' wid a ovahflowin'
dish ;
Layin' low fo' 'possum ain't shootin'
at a mahk.
O, de peacock yells befo' de rain ; de
dog waits twell he's hit ;
Yo' mus' peel yo' eye, hit's mighty
plain, er fall intoe de pit.

O' No'h had a holiday w'en de ahk war
done,
Bull-dog in de mellen patch
knows what he's about,
O, wohk toe-day, Sambo, to-mor-
row yo'll hab fun ;
Chicken in de shell can't git
fedders twell he's out.
O, de peacock yells befo' de rain;
de dog waits twell he's hit ;
Yo' mus' peel yo' eye, hit's mighty
plain, er fall intoe de pit !

J. A. WALDRON.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

HIS CONSOLATION.

Chaucer died while writing a poem; but he had the happiness of believing that the world would die because of his failure to finish it.

HER UNDENIABLE RIGHT.

Every pretty girl ought to have a chap of her own, and not merely the old lady who is mentioned as such with the absence of the second syllable.

THE TRAMP IS RIGHT.

To show a wood-pile to a tramp is to provoke the criticism that you ought to use coal or machinery. And very justly, the sawbuck being a relic of barbarism, like the wooden plough with one handle.

THE PERILS OF SEA-BASS.

The imagination of a bright woman puts life in stones and animates the insensate world with all the dead and living languages. It gives voice to leaves, meaning to the summer wind, song to silence, mirth to the grave, and sadness to laughter and the agile jig. One morning Mr. Jones said to his good wife, "We will have fish to-morrow, and perhaps sea-bass would be preferable ;" kissed her good-day, and sailed with the jaunty hesitation of uncertain age into the outer atmosphere.

"Fish ?" said the reflective lady, putting a finger thoughtfully to her brow. "Sea-bass ?"

Her thought went down to the jocund ocean and all the frivolous and enjoyable things that transpire on the beach thereof ; and she looked out of her window to see the widow across the way hastening apparently to take the same train that dear old, honest old Mr. Jones wanted.

"Sea-bass ?" she repeated. "Now two and two make four. I see it all. His toilet was made with unusual care this morning. He wore his side-whiskers and mignonette in his button-hole. He is off for a day of pleasuring with that miserable woman, and I shall have the sea-bass alone. The perfidious wretch ! what insult he visits upon me."

The unimaginative world pays small attention to these slight passages ; but a feather from a lark's wing can put out an eye, and two words to a bad man can bring such visual obstruction that the eye can't see in a week. The day was long and sweltering, and the more so because the good woman compared her suffering with her husband's illegitimate joy. What wealth of coolness there is to the ocean wind when one can't get to it and the other can ! The words were meaningless except as they suggested the way to satisfy hunger ; but mark ! The dinner hour drew slowly on, and a woman sat down alone to sea-bass, and looked at the clock through swollen eyes.

"He will not come !" she said. "Oh the irreparable insult and outrage that I suffer from that man !"

A ring at the door-bell ? No, it is not a telegraph of apology. It is the tottering old wretch himself.

"Did you get the sea-bass, dear ?"

"Yes; and it—now I look at the clock it seems, dear, that you are unusually prompt to-night."

PROGRESSIVE.

HAY RUBE—"I swan ! if New York hasn't more accommodations then any city I was ever in. These ere cushioned cheers with patented umbrell's is ther thing when a man's tuckered aout. I'll just take a nap and cool off a bit."

THE THORN OF THE ROSE.

The queen's jubilee would have pleased her majesty better but for the fact that she had to deny the figures on which it was based and she couldn't make anybody believe that she understood arithmetic.

HER CURIOUS MODESTY.

"Clara Belle" speaks of the half-dressed maiden who poses at the front of her papa's opera-box in "dainty boldness." It has been our impression that the maiden did it in the coldest, unblushingest blood, and that the daintiness had been hung on a chair in her dressing-room and inadvertently forgotten.

THIS IS WISDOM.

"That you may be beloved," says a philosopher, "be amiable." Don't, my son. That you may be beloved treat everybody as if he were a heathen and needed not the slightest contribution. Then they who need your amiability will come to you and beseech for it, and they will remember it two days longer than they to whom it is given as a voluntary offering.

A LITTLE MATTER OF GOOD BREEDING.

An exchange says, "A rich girl may be homely, but she will never know of it by hearsay." Let us add one little fact. A poor girl may be homely, but if she keeps the company of ladies and gentlemen she will have no knowledge of it except when she looks in the mirror. P. S.—And she frequently will.

GIVE US THE WHOLE IMPROVEMENT.

The abolishment of the ballet by an opera company suggests still further improvement—for instance that the performance be opened with prayer and closed with the benediction.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.

EPHRAIM WAYBACK—"Quick Eunie, strike a ladyfied perzeshun, and we'll have our picter took by that thar fortygraffer. See, he's a motionin' us ter get more in the middle like."

The "Judge's" Second Prize Offering

IN BEHALF OF THE

Grant Monument Fund.

In spite of its more or less complicated character, the JUDGE'S Grand Word Contest, just ended, has proven a great success. By it JUDGE has enlisted over 3700 energetic, spirited and intelligent workers for the Grant Fund, has materially swelled the total previously received through the Grant Monument Committee by the contribution of a good sized check, and has in addition divided $600 among eight successful and happy puzzle workers as a reward for their labor and ingenuity. JUDGE now inaugurates a second contest of an even more popular character than the first—a contest in which every school child can engage and stand an equal chance with older competitors.

Every person who, in conformance with governing rules, sends to the JUDGE Grant Fund, on or before June 15th, 1887 (12 o'clock noon), 50 cents and the names of the eleven most popular living men in America will be entitled to participate in the contest. The money thus received will be appropriated as follows:

Twenty-five cents will be at once credited to the Grant Fund.

The remaining twenty-five cents, after deducting the legitimate expenses of advertising, will be placed in a common fund to be divided among the six competitors having the fullest list of the most popular men as indicated by a majority of all the lists sent in. The new contest is, in fact, based upon the principles of an election, each competitive paper virtually acting in the nature of a ballot, and the six lists containing the greater name of the eleven names shown to be the most popular by a majority of all the lists will be the successful prize papers.

The magnitude of the prizes will depend on the amount of money received, or in other words, on the number of competitors. The names and contributions of competitors will be acknowledged (and the progress of the fund shown) from week to week in JUDGE. Governing rules in this week's JUDGE; or circulars mailed on receipt of postage. Requests for copies of paper must be accompanied by ten cents.

Address,
"Grant Fund,"
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,
28 Park Row, New York City.

GOVERNING RULES.

Each competitive paper must contain eleven names of living U. S. or Canadian male residents, no more, no less; must be written in ink or typewriter, on one side of the paper only, and must be preceded or accompanied by a remittance of 50 cents.

Priority in registering name and contribution (in advance of list) will be one factor to the advantage of competitors where two or more lists have same number of winning names—taking into consideration distances and time of mailing; that is, the person who sends in his or her name now, reserving, if he or she so chooses, the list until later for completion or revision, will in case of ties, take precedence over another who remits both money and list later on.

If, after list is forwarded, contributor desires to amend or revise it, he or she is privileged to do so upon an additional contribution of 50 cents, and will be given the benefit of the date of the first remittance.

Purchased lists, or lists compiled or obtained by other means than through one's own efforts or the assistance which may be rendered by immediate relatives or friends, are not permissible.

Names must be written in their alphabetical order, commencing with first letter of surname, as follows:

Blaine, James G.
Cleveland Grover.

JUDGE guarantees that the first or leading competitor will receive at the very lowest figure $400.

In case of ties, any one or more of the six seperate awards or divisions will be distributed *pro rata*, as the occurrence of the tie may require.

Communications open until June 15th, 1887, 12 o'clock noon.

Remember that the JUDGE'S second contest closes on the 15th of this month. After twelve o'clock noon of that day no more subscriptions or lists are receivable.

The following contributions to the Grant Fund contest have been received up to 5 P. M., Tuesday, June 7th:

Previously acknowledged, ... $401.00
Wilson Maria A, Va; Vandivere H B, N C; Elmore Dr W L, N Y; McEachren Miss F, N Y; Berry E D, N Y; Saunders Julia C, N Y; Robinson John J, N Y; Whiton F J, N Y; Peffer E S, Kan; "Puzzled" N Y; McKenna A N, N Y; Cantner D G, Ills; Durham J H, N Y; Earle W A, Ky; Labrey Henry, N J; "Fourteen Albany," N Y; Stern T, Ky; Reynolds Mrs F A, M T, 50 cts. each.

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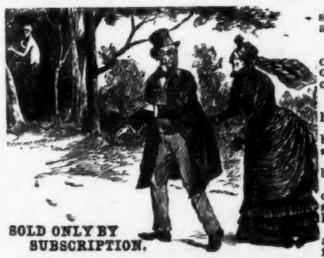

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

And it wuz anon that we see in the distance a fair, white female a standin' kinder still in the edge of the woods, and Josiah spoke in a seemingly careless way, and sez he:

"She don't seem to have many clothes on, Samantha."

Sez I, "Hush! Josiah, she has probable overslept herself, and come out in a hurry, mebby to look for some herbs or sunthin, I persume one of her children are sick, and she sprung right up out of bed, and come out to get some mother wort, or catnip or sunthin."—

And as I spoke I drawed Josiah down a side path away from her.

But he stopped stun still, and sez he, "Mebby I ort to go and help her, Samantha."

Sez I, "Josiah Allen, sense I've lived with you, I don't think I have been *shameder* of you—sez I. It would mortify her to death if she should *mistrust* you had seen her in that condition."

"Wall," sez he, still a hangin' back, "if the child is *very* sick, and I can be any help to her, it is my *duty* to go."

His eye had been on her nearly every moment of the time, in spite of my almost voyalent protests, and sez he kinder excited like—"She is standin' stun'still, as if she is skairt, mebby there is a snake in front of her, or sunthin, or mebby she is took paralyzed, I'd better go and see."

Sez I, in low, deep axents, "you stay right where you be, Josiah Allen, and I will go forward, and if we need your help, I will holler." And finally he consented after a parley.

"*Wall, as I got up to her I see she wusnt a live meat woman, but a statute.*"

Written amid the *whirl of fashion* at **Saratoga**, it takes off its **follies, flirtations**, low neck dressing, **dudes, pug dogs**, the **water craze, tobogganing**, etc., in the author's inimitable *mirth-provoking* style. The (100) illustrations by "Cpper" are **"just killing."** People crazy to get it. **Selling like Hot Cakes.**
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"Dan!"

The tone was colloquial; the voice familiar; the scene one of sylvan beauty. On the shore of a stream where luxuriant verdur had grown downward to the water's edge, sat a man of striking appearance disentangling a fish line which a clumsy or accidental cast had involved with a shrub. His figure—stout and unsymmetrical—was clad in loose-fitting corduroy. His hair—sparse and sprinkled with gray—was partly covered by a slouched hat.

"Dan!"

The small, slender, keen-eyed, heavily moustached man addressed was sitting on a log, cutting a piece of red tape from a spool whose end bore the legend "Executive Department," with a pair of well worn scissors which were handled with an ease, grace and rapidity of execution which suggested newspaper aptitude. With the tape he was fastening things which looked somewhat—except as to color and neatness—like trout flies.

"Dan!"

"Sire!"

"Art thou still fabricating thy civil service flies?"

"I am, sire."

"Go to. I'll no more o' them. Save thy tape for winding fourth-class postmaster commissions and for my future essays on reform."

"Say'st thou so, sire?"

"I do, Dan. I find that the trout is no mugwump. He biteth not at fictitious things, and is no dreamer. Why by my seal of office! we have not caught a fish, and all this time and goodly measure of tape have both wasted been. Methinks—draw near that I may whisper it—methinks, Daniel, that the trout is a Democrat."

"Say'st thou so, sire?"

"Yea, and, more, believe it."

"What, then, must be our recourse?"

"Get thee to a shovel, Dan, and dig some worms."

—*Saratogan.*

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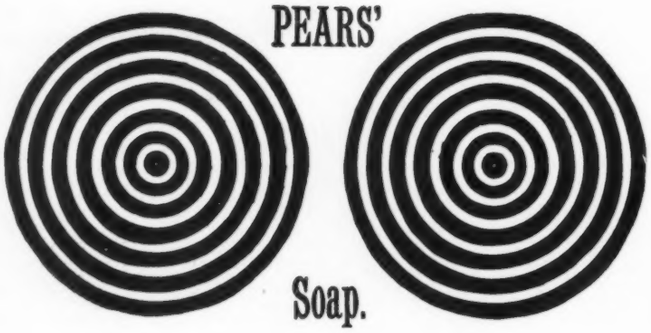

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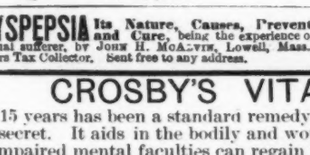

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For 15 years has been a standard remedy with Physicians treating mental or nervous disorder Not a secret. It aids in the bodily and wonderfully in the mental growth of children. Young men with impaired mental faculties can regain their strength by its use. It restores the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over-exertion; refreshes weakened vital powers in old or young. A Vital Phosphite, not a Laboratory Phosphate or soda water absurdity. It is used by the Emperor Dom Pedro, Bismarck, Gladstone and other great brain workers.

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I Owe My Life.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did no good, I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters.

Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '86. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1886. Gentlemen—
I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit. "They almost do miracles?"

—*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL—which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1884.

I Write This

Token of the great appreciation I have of your

* * * Bitters. I was afflicted
With inflammatory rheumatism!!!
For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any

Good!!!

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success"

In this great and"

Valuable medicine:

Anyone * * wishing to know more about my cure?

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Wash, D. C.

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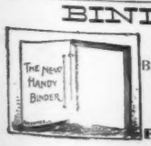

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AN ORPHAN BORN.

I am a lone, unfathered chick,
Of artificial hatching;
A pilgrim in a desert wild,
By happier mothered chicks reviled,
From all relationship exiled,
To do my own lone hatching.

Fair Science smiled upon my birth
One raw and gusty morning,
And now the sounds of barnyard mirth
To lonely me have little worth;
I am alone in all the earth—
An orphan without borning.

Seek I my mother? I would find
A heartless personator;
A thing brass-hided, man designed,
With steampipe arteries intermined
And pulseless cotton batting lined—
A patent incubator.

It wearies me to think, you see—
Death would be better rather—
Should children e'er be born to me,
My fate's most pitiless decree
My little ones, alas, would be
With never a grandfather.

And when to earth I bid adieu,
To seek a greater,
I will not do as others do,
Who go to join the ancestral crew,
For I will just be gathered to
My incubator.

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

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Cold in Head, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

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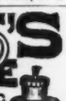

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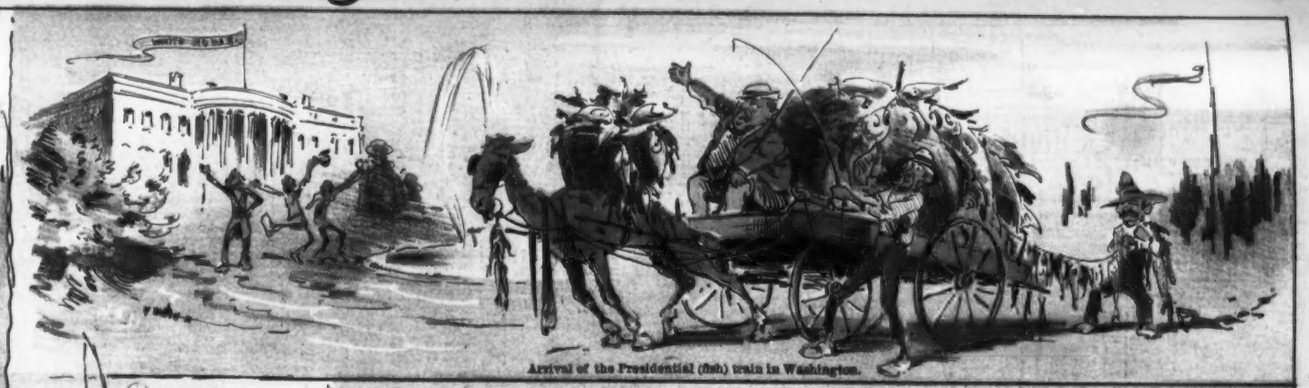
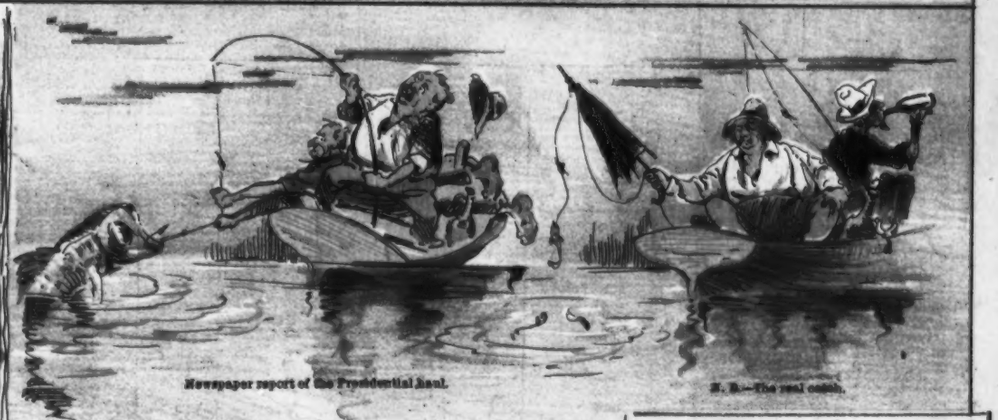
OLD MOUNTAINEER.—"It's 'Old Crow.' Be gush! these Presidential picnics are a regular bonanza to a poor starved brute like me."



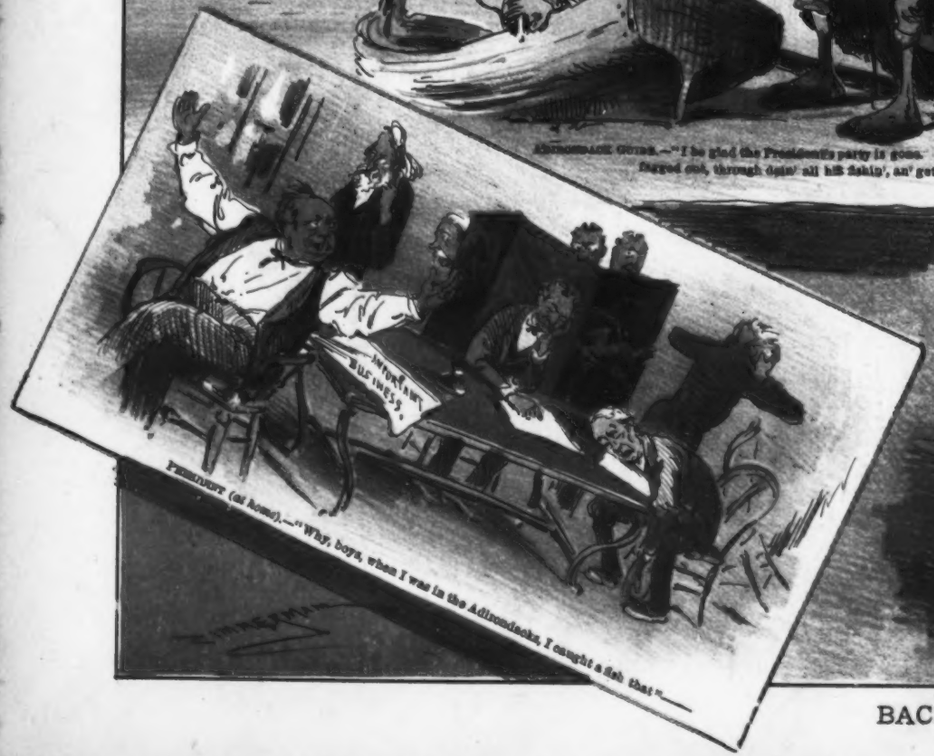
Arrival of the Presidential (fish) train in Washington.

ADIRONDACK GUIDE.—"I be glad the President's party is gone. I'm darn near fagged out, through doin' all his fishin', an' gettin' no credit."

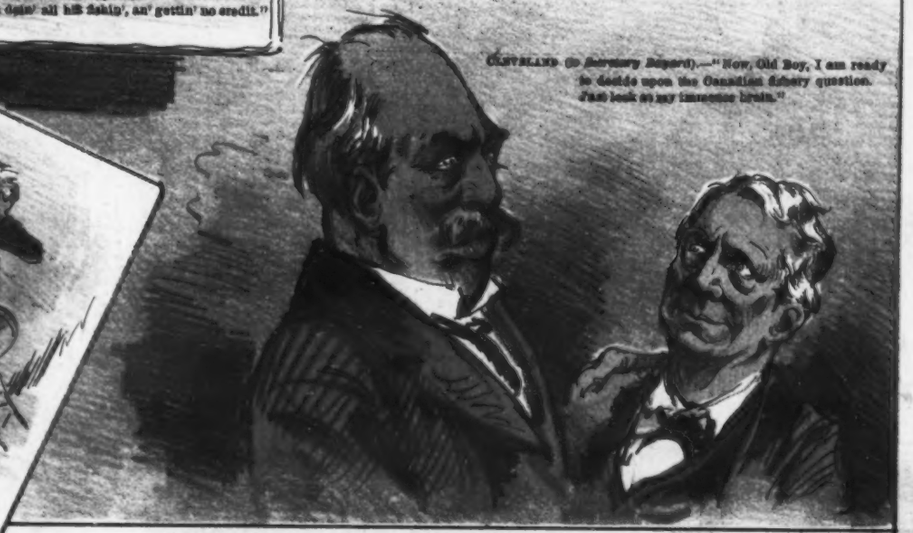


Newspaper report of the Presidential haul.

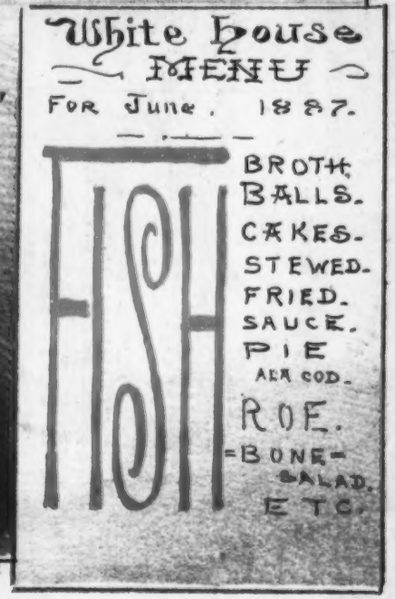
N. B.—The real catch.



FRIENDS (at home).—"Why, boys, when I was in the Adirondacks, I caught a fish that"—



CLEVELAND (to Secretary Bayard).—"Now, Old Boy, I am ready to decide upon the Canadian fishery question. Just look at my immense brain."



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BACK FROM THE ADIRONDACKS.